THOSE LITTLE SHOES.

Oh, little shoes! if only you could speak,
And tell us whose you were—whose dainty feet
Once trod in you—whose lovely head was bent
For eyes to see how sweet you looked—ah me!
Near seventy years ago!

So long ago, and yet—not long ago!
The date, in faded ink, recalls the time
When "Grandmamma" was young, and slim, and gay;
Perhaps her wedding shoes — ah, happy day!
Near seventy years ago!

Did you belong, perchance, to her first ball?
You little golden shoes so bright and small!
Where, while the hours slipped by, in bright array,
She danced her heart, as well as his, away,
Till ribbon sandals broke, and off she flew
To coax old Nurse. Who was she? Tell us, who?

Old dower chest! what secrets must be hid,
Past all recall, beneath your heavy lid!
In your old drawer repose some treasures yet,
Relics of those forgot—as we forget.
Bring now together for our curious ears
Present and past; the lost romance of years;
And tell the tale of cap and veil and shoe!
Who was the pretty maiden?—tell us, who?

Long years ago, the learned Greeks of old
Declared that speech was silver—silence gold!
Golden these shoes and silent too—and well
They keep their secret. Would that they could tell
Her name, and so fond memories recall!
But "January, 1829," is all.
—Cicely McDonell, in Pall Mall Magazine.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"We want to find a certain blue envelope, Matthews," the detective began. "It was thrown into this basket by Mr. Strong about a month ago. Can you help us?"

"I don't know, sir. I have been emptyin' everythin' of that kind in the cellar. I keep all the papers in one barrel and all the rags in another, and a junk shop man comes every now and then—"

"And gives you a little something for keeping the stuff for him," interrupted Hendricks.

"Yes, sir," the servant nodded.

"Has he been here lately?"

"Just a day or so before the murder, sir. I remember—"

"Could you take Mr. Whidby and myself to his place?" said the detective. "We might be in time to keep our bit of evidence from being made up into new paper."

"Yes, sir, without any trouble. His shop is on First street, under the bridge. It is a pretty tough place, sir, but we can take the cars and get down quick enough."

"I see I am to be of no further assistance," jested Miss Delmar.

"I didn't quite think you would care to soil your skirts in a ragman's shop," replied the detective. "But as soon as we get a clew, Mr. Whidby may bring the news to you. We'd better be going, too."

Hendricks and Matthews started out t once. Whidby lingered in the drawing-room with Miss Delmar.

"If you have the time, you might stay ere until we return," said Whidby. "I am sure we shan't be long."

"I'll wait an hour, anyway," the young lady promised. "I am dying to know if you accomplish anything. But run on; they are waiting for you, and here comes the car."

In ten minutes the three men had reached the bridge spanning the murky river and were entering the shop indicated by Matthews.

"We must tell him exactly what we want," Hendricks whispered to Whidby at the door. "He hasn't a very honest face, and if he thinks we have lost something of intrinsic value he may tell us a lot of lies. Usually they do all they can to aid a detective."

"Ah, I see," answered Whidby. "I should have blundered there if I had been alone."

The dealer, a little Jew, with a very crafty face, came from behind a counter piled up high with sacks of rags and paper.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he asked.

In a few words Hendricks explained what they were searching for.

"Ah! and you want to catch him, eh? Well, I hope you can," said the Jew. "I think I know the bags I got from dere. They are up in the loft. I will throw them down, and you can look through them here."

"You are very good," said Hendricks; "that's exactly what we want."

The Jew ran up a ladder through a hole in the ceilng, and in a moment three sacks filled with old paper tumbled down at their feet.

Hendricks pointed to a clean place on the floor, and said to Matthews: "Shake them out."

Matthews emptied one of the bags in a heap, and Whidby bent over it.

"No doubt about the stuff being from our house," he said. "Here is a note addressed to me, and there are some old bills of uncle's." But after five minutes' search he declared he saw no envelope which looked like the one he had in mind. The second bag was searched without success, but the third had hardly been opened before Whidby picked up a large, square envelope.

"I think this must be it," he said.

"You are right; it matches the color of the paper. They must have gone together," replied the detective; and he opened the case of his watch and held the corner of the envelope down to the front of the tiny bit. "We are all right so far." Hendricks walked to the front of the shop alone, studying, with a wrinkled brow, the envelope. Whidby paid the Jew for his trouble, and then joined him.

"Can you make anything out of it?" he asked.

"Not a blasted thing," replied Hendricks. "It was mailed in New York. I did not expect that. At present I have the murderer's handwriting, and that is all; but—" His face darkened, and he clinched his fist, and swore under his breath.

"What is it?" Whidby questioned.

"I don't know myself," said the detective. "I have seen something like this before, but I can't tell where. By Jove! it will drive me crazy if I don't make it out. There is something about this envelope that is familiar, but it eludes me like the memory of a nightmare. But I'll get it after awhile. Leave me, you and your man. I'll walk back alone. I want to tussle with the thing. I shall see you as soon as I come to any conclusion."

CHAPTER XIV.

Half an hour afterwards the detective arrived at his hotel, and went up to his room. His face still wore a look of deep perplexity. He sat down at a window and stared at the envelope steadily for ten minutes. Then there was a rap at the door. It was a servant, to say that Capt. Welsh was downstairs, and that he was anxious to see him.

"Send him up," said Hendricks, and he put the envelope into his pocket. He picked up a newspaper two or three days old, and was hidden behind it when the captain rapped.

"Come in," the detective called out.

"I am sorry to disturb you," began Welsh, "but the truth is we are making so little headway that the mayor's people are showing a good deal of impatience. Mrs. Roundtree says we are entirely too slow, and she is laying it all on me and my men. The mayor himself has just left my office. Of course, I could not tell him what you suspected about his daughter, and—"

"I should think not, captain, since you yourself don't know what I do or do not suspect." And Hendricks threw his paper on the floor.

"Of course, of course; but aren't you really going any further with your investigations up there? I thought when I told you that I spent the night in front of the house, and saw her come out and secure the revolver from the grass, that—"

Hendricks broke into a low laugh, bent forward and rubbed his hands between his knees.

"You didn't see me, captain, that night. We were both a pretty pair of fools. I recognized you in the flaming disk of your cigar a block away. You looked like a head-light, and I made for you as soon as I turned the corner. I knew the gate must be near where you stood."

"What do you mean?" cried Welsh, in surprise.

"I was in Mrs. Walters' room from half-past nine till ten o'clock that night and made a thorough examination of her belongings."

"Why, I was on watch at that time! You could not have gone in at the front, and my men were in the rear."

Hendricks smiled broadly.

"I never go in at a back gate if I can help it. I was the driver of the cab that took the mayor home from his office that night. I overheard him ask the fellow to wait for him. I called the man into a barroom, explained who I was, promised him five dollars, exchanged coats and hats with him and took his cab. Of course, I wore my whiskers. I would not be without them when I go driving on cool nights. I catch cold easily, and they protect my throat.

"I pulled up when you waved me down to tell the mayor you were watching his house personally, on account of your special interest in his family, and that you would see to it that they were not disturbed through the night. When the mayor got out at the side door of his house I took my fare, explained that a piece of my harness had given way and was tinkering with a strap under the belly of the horse when the mayor went in to his supper. Then I ran my rig out of sight behind a sort of woodshed and went up the back stairs to Mrs. Walters' room. I knew it by her dresses in the closets."

"What were you looking for?"

"Books, chiefly. I had found out that she had purchased a box of them in New York the other day and I wanted to see them. I thought they might be treatises on hypnotism and things in that outlandish line; but they were only modern yellow-backed novels, translations of Emile Gaboriau and detective stories by Doyle and Anna K. Green. They put me on a new scent. A new light broke on me. I felt like a fool. I went down, got on my cab and drove off like mad. I passed you at the carriage gate and asked you the time. You told me, and I said I had to catch a train and whipped up my horse."

"I remember. What a blamed fool I was!" said Welsh, with a deep flush. "What did you do next?"

"Turned the cab over to its owner and went and had a private talk with the family physician of the Roundtrees. After that, to use slang, I kicked myself soundly, and in 20 minutes was dogging the footsteps of the distinguished stranger of whom I spoke to you."

"But don't you think Mrs. Walters had anything to do with the murder?" asked Welsh.

"Nothing at all. Here it is in a nutshell: She will be a mother in about three months. In her condition she is always queerly imaginative and deceitful. She lost a child a year ago in childbirth, and for several months before it was born she almost ran her family wild with her strange fancies. She has been reading sensational literature for a long time, and when that murder occurred and her father offered a reward for the capture of the criminal it struck her that the murderer would be apt to resent it. She tried to rouse the fears of her father and husband on this line, but, as they failed to see it her way, she determined to make them do so. She invented the yarn about having seen a man on the lawn the night she astonished them by going to the gate with her husband's revolver, and, following the murderer's idea of using a typewriter, she wrote the threatening letter to her father and enjoyed the excitement it caused. Later, fearing that some one would see through her little deception, she determined to make the circumstances more convincing. The detective stories she had read gave her the idea of pretending to be shot at. As I have shown you, she dampened the clay with the watering can, made the footmarks by wearing her father's slippers, shot a hole through her sleeve, hid the revolver in the grass and has had a lot of fun out of our careful investigations. If she had dreamt, however, that she herself would be suspected of that murder she would have shown the white feather long ago."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Welsh, completely crestfallen.

"I am on quite another line, and am at a standstill. I hardly know what I shall do."

"Can I aid you in any way?"

"I think not, now. I shall come round as soon as I find out anything tangible."

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning at nine o'clock Miss Delmar called at Whidby's.

"I have had to run for it," she said, laughingly, as the young man came into the drawing-room. "I had to give papa the slip. He heard that I was out all day yesterday and demanded an explanation. Of course, I refused to tell him anything, and he ordered me not to show myself out of doors to-day. But when I got the telegram from Mr. Hendricks to meet him here at nine I slipped out at the back gate and have run nearly all the way."

Whidby drew her to him and kissed her.

"You were bound to pull me out of this hole," he said. "A week ago I was nearly crazy with forebodings, but now I really enjoy it."

"I am sure I do, almost," she laughed. "I wonder if Mr. Hendricks can have discovered anything more? Here he comes now. I heard the gate click. Let me admit him."

She went to the door, and in a moment entered with the detective.

"He knows something new," she said, laughingly, to her lover. "I can see it in his eyes."

"You certainly don't seem so perplexed as you did when I left you yesterday," said Whidby, as he cordially shook hands.

"A little nearer, that's all," was the reply of the detective, as he sat down and took out the envelope they had found at the shop of the rag dealer. "You know," he went on to Whidby,

He picked up a newspaper and was hidden behind it.

"I said yesterday that there was something familiar about this envelope that I couldn't make out. Well, last night, as I was studying over it, this large D in the center of the postmark suddenly recalled an incident to my mind, and I must relate it to you, so that you can follow a certain chain of circumstances in which I am interested and which may lead us to something definite.

"Three days after I had been detained down here by the murder, my mother, who lives with me in New York, received a letter. Here it is. I will read it to you:

"'Dear Madam—

"'An important business matter makes it necessary to wire your son, Mr. Minard Hendricks, at once. He and I are friends, but I have missed him round town lately. I was told at his club that he had left the city. If you will kindly send his address to me, I shall be greatly obliged. I am, dear madam,

"'Very sincerely yours,

"'FREDERICK CHAMPNEY.

"'234 Union street, Brooklyn.'

"There seems to be nothing remarkable about the note. Do you think there is?" asked Hendricks, when he had finished.

"Not that I can see," said Miss Delmar, deeply interested.

"Rather a bold thing to do, if the fellow that wrote it wanted to steer clear of you, I should think," Whidby remarked.

"The bold things are the very ones we are less likely to suspect, as a rule," said the detective. "But I haven't told you how it came into my hands. My mother, while very old and naturally unsuspicious, has learned a good deal of caution from me, especially where anything pertains in the slightest to my profession; so she did not reply to the note but sent it down here to me. I fell readily into the trap set for her. I could remember no one by the name of Champney, but I flattered myself it was one who knew me better than I did him; so, thinking that my mother's caution in not replying to the note had perhaps caused the writer some inconvenience, I wired my address, and at the same time wrote a cordial note of explanation and apology, which I mailed to the address given.

"The matter might then have escaped my memory, if the note had not left a sort of uneasy impression on my mind that I might suddenly be called to New York, and, as I was deeply interested in this case, I dreaded interruption. It was this frame of mind that caused a very trifling circumstance to bring back the whole thing to me.

"The letter of apology which I had sent after the telegram happened to be put in an envelope bearing the business card of my hotel in this city, under which, being rather methodical in almost everything, I had written the number of my room. Well, in a few days it was returned to me marked: 'Not Delivered.'

"This at once excited a suspicion that something was wrong—that some designing person, for reasons of his own, had tricked me into betraying my whereabouts. The telegram had not been returned. That showed that some one at 234 Union street, Brooklyn, had received it and signed for it in due form, or I should have been advised of his failure to do so by the telegraph office here. The letter addressed in the same way had been returned. That proved that Frederick Champney either was not there or wanted me to think he was not, and my curiosity was roused. But, as your case was just then becoming more interesting, I put the letter away for safe keeping, along with the note to my mother, to take up again when I was more at leisure, and dismissed them from my mind. However, as I said just now, there was something strangely familiar about the envelope we found at the rag shop yesterday, and I could not for the life of me tell what it could be. It was not until I had left you and reached my hotel last night that I found out. It was simply the large capital D in the center of the New York postmark, for it corresponded exactly with the big D in the postmark of the letter my mother had received. You smile. You think that a very little thing. Well, so it was; but wait. The D indicated the station at which the letters were posted; they had both been mailed in the same postal district. I know that much, you see, as a starter; but I was not satisfied. I was sure the two envelopes held a better clew between them, and I was bound to have it.

"I lay awake half the night, thinking, thinking, till I got so wrought up I could not reason logically at all. I knew that would do no one any good, so I banished thoughts of all kinds, and was getting into a drowsy state, in fact was almost dropping off, when suddenly an idea popped into my brain.

"I sprang up, lit the gas, and with my magnifying-glass examined the letter which had been returned to me from New York marked: 'Not Delievered.' What do you suppose I discovered? My letter had been steamed and carefully opened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT RANG THE BELL.

How an Earthquake Was Announced in Italy.

A writer sojourning in an Italian city tells how an earthquake announced itself:

Late one evening Isoletta and Caterina rushed in upon us in terrified excitement as we sat reading by the light of an oil lamp in the "yellow room;" their faces were of the whiteness of paper, and their eyes had a wild expression of fear.

"Signora, what is the matter? Every bell in the house is ringing. Maria Sanctissima, what will become of us!"

I must explain that the bells were of the old-fashioned variety, which hang on wires and are pulled by a bell rope.

"Per carita, signora, come and see what has happened."

They were so much in earnest that, to calm their fears, we went into the hall. There were the ten bells hung in a row and ringing as though the furies were at the other end of the rope! Ringing of their own accord, apparently, or at least pulled by no visible hand.

Of a sudden we became aware that the floors were trembling, the walls were shaking. The whole building moved on its foundations; it swayed from side to side, at first slightly, then further and further, with a slow, rhythmic motion, full of grace and majesty; but we could realize no sensation beyond sickening terror.

It was an earthquake. The motion lasted a few seconds, then ceased gradually. Had it continued three seconds longer the tall obelisks, the beautiful campanili, would have fallen.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Few Words About Toads.

A toad's eyes are the only things in nature which could not be represented without using gold.

As to toads being poisonous, as the French peasants say, or making warts, as some old people tell us, that is pure nonsense. Their tongues are as curious as their eyes are beautiful. The root of the tongue is just behind the under lip and folds backward. When Mr. Toad sees a fly he darts his long and active tongue out so quickly that it is hard to see him do it, and jerks the fly alive down his wide gullet.

How many of my Merry Timers can tell me in what play Shakespeare speaks of the toad, and quote the passage in which he does so?—Detroit Free Press.

Artful Liars.

Count Saint Germain, who appeared in Paris in the reign of Louis XV. and pretended to be possessed of the elixir of life, had a valet who was almost as great as his master in the art of lying. Once, when the count was describing at a dinner party a circumstance which occurred at the court of "his friend King Richard I. of England," he appealed to his servant for the confirmation of his story, who, with the greatest composure, replied:

"You forget, sir, I have only been 500 years in your service."

"True," said his master, musingly, "it was a little before your time."—Household Words.

An Anatomical Curiosity.

Browne—Of course Jones has his faults, but his heart is on the right side.

Towne—No wonder he died.—N. Y. Journal.

How many times we have missed getting rich by not following somebody's advice.

—In the winter months a child grows only one-fifth as much as it does in June and July.

Taken Unawares.

Jack—What is the trouble between Josie and Claude? I hear the engagement is broken.

Penelope—Yes. Claude called when she was expecting Clarence, and she had on the wrong engagement ring.—Judge.

Her Secret.

I can play the piano, the fiddle and flute,
No enemy, though, have I got;
The way that I keep all my friends is just this—
I can play on the things, but do not.
—N. Y. World.

LOCATING HIM.

"Seen my boy Tommy anyw'ere, Mrs. Rook?"

"Well, no, I ain't seen 'im, but there's a fight at the other end of the street."—Pick-me-Up.

A Possible Disappointment.

"The bridegroom appeared to be fearfully nervous."

"Yes; you see his father-in-law's wedding present wasn't certified."—Chicago Journal.

Out of His Class.

Schoolma'am (encouragingly)—Come, now, Harold; spell chickens.

Harold—Please, ma'am, I'm not old enough to spell chickens; but you can try me on eggs.—Judge.

His Occupation Gone.

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each modern hour,
When glucose, cleverly disguised,
Makes useless every flower!
—Chicago Journal.

A Rift in the Lute.

Country Cousin (on a visit to London, to lady fiddler)—Were you practicing on your violin just now, Miss Strad? I thought I heard you.

Miss Strad—No. I haven't touched it to-day.

Country Cousin—Ah! then it must have been an organ in the street!

And for the life of him he can't understand why Miss Strad now gives him the cold shoulder.—London Punch.

Knew Where to Find Her.

Mrs. Yeast—I was surprised to see your husband entering a saloon the other day.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I guess he wanted to see me.

"You don't mean to say he would find you there!"

"Well, he was pretty sure I would come there to find him." — Yonkers Statesman.

Her Step-Ma.

Wealthy Widower (to daughter)—My dear, I—ahem—I have concluded to marry again, and the—the bride will be Miss De Sweet. To be sure, there is some difference in our ages, but er—as she is so young she will be fond of society, you know, and will greatly enjoy going out with you.

Daughter (respectfully)—Well, I'll chaperon her.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cruel Candor.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Meekton, "that I must plead guilty to being a baseball crank."

"I don't think so," replied his wife. "After accompanying you to one game I am prepared to say that you are not a crank on such matters. You are a raving maniac."—Washington Star.

Differing Spheres.

"Does it chagrin you that you don't fully undersetand politics, Mrs. Wiggins?"

"No; there isn't one man in a million who knows how long cucumber pickles ought to stay in the brine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Wouldn't Work.

"One touch of nature, you know, old man—"

"Of course, of course; ut you're not nature, and consequently I refuse to be touched."

Thus the promptness with which he saw the point saved him.—Chicago Post.

AN EXCHANGE OF INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

Plenty of Them.

"You say you love my daughter?"

"I love her, sir, with every fiber that I possess."

"Every fiber?"

"Yes, sir. I'm in the rope and cable business, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Hope Gone.

Miss Perkinson—Ah, there is no marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven.

Miss Westlake—Well, dear, you know you have my sympathy.—Chicago Record.

Still Ahead.

"And so you think Heaven is like Boston?"

"Well, I did think so, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last 20 years."—Harlem Life.

A Home Body.

Winkers—I haven't seen you at the club for a week? You seem to have become a great home body lately.

Blinkers—Yes. Wife's away.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Natural Inference.

Old Soak—My ancestors were knights of old, I would have you understand.

Cynicus—Ten knights in a barroom, I guess, judging by some of their descendants.—N. Y. Journal.

Smiled.

She sat on the steps at the evening tide
Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked: "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.
—Cornell Widow.

Rough on Her Complexion.

Helen—Kate says she's so afraid in the dark.

Mattie—That's strange. I should think she'd be more afraid of the light.—Chicago News.

Neighborly Pleasantries.

"Your little boy bangs on his drum from sunrise to sunset."

"Yes; I pay him to do it so we can't hear your daughter sing."—Detroit Free Press.

Somewhat in Doubt.

Her Father—I suppose, young man, your intentions are of the best?

Her Suitor—Well—er—I intend to marry your daughter.—N. Y. Journal.

The Sweet, Old Song.

"O, come where my love lies dreaming,"
She hummed in accents low,
And across the strings of her instrument
She lightly drew the bow;
"O, come where my love lies dreaming—"
And out through the bedroom door
There floated upon the atmosphere
The sound of her husband's snore!
—Cleveland Leader.

Open to Inspection.

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

"Why?"

"Because everybody can see them do it."—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Result.

"So the Mothers' club decided in favor of corporal punishment?"

"Yes. You see the members were thinking of each other's children."—Detroit News.

GENEROSITY.

Willie (who has eaten his piece of cake as fast as possible)—Say! Ethel: let's play menagerie. I'll be the monkey and you feed me with your cake.—N. Y. Times.

Her Feelings.

When Blue Beard's wife looked round, she sighed
And shed a briney tear.
"I feel," she said to him, "just like
Your whiskers look, my dear."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Keeping Account.

Average Wife—My dear, aren't you going to church with me this Sunday?

Average Husband—Good lands! Why, I went to church with you last Sunday.—N. Y. Weekly.

This Sounds True.

You should not be first on hand,
Unless you would be beaten;
The early bird may get the worm
But the early worm gets eaten.
—Puck.